

The kind hearted Creature: Or

The prettest iest that er'e you knew,
Yet ll'e say nothing but what is true:
I once heard of a cunning Whore,
But ner'e the like of this before.

To the tune of the Mother beguiled the Daughters



A L you that are disposed now,
To hear a merry iest,
By me shall be disclosed how,
a bonny Lasse confess,
That she had loved one or two,
nay two or thare and twenty,
I cannot tell what they did doe,
but she had Louers plenty,
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes,
why should we not be merry:
I'll tell you of a bonny Lasse,
and her Loue beyond the Ferry.

This bonny lasse had caught a clap
it sa mes by some young thauer,
She being match with such mishap
the Laddes began to leave her,
Though she wile of their company,
some one made sure his bargaine
But she was ion'd of so many,
that it is worth regarding.
Yet she will sing, and alwayses say
drinke round and let's be merry,
I have a loue in Lancashire,
and a little bey ond the ferry.

Be he now being called to account,
for to describe aright,
What yong-men was the Father
and her alove hearts delight (own)

But she could not resolve the same,
because there was so many,
She knew not's trudenoy yet his
for she was fre to any. (name,
Sing Boyes, &c.)

Quoth she and if it haue a Foke,
then twas the man it h' Cowre,
Or other wayes an't haue a hoke,
twas the Shepheard on the down,
Or if it haue a whip in his hand:
then sure it was a carter,
Or if it cannot goe nor stand,
I thinke twas drunken Artur.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if it haue a new fash'on,
twas one came out of France,
And if it be a Musician:
twas one taught me to dance,
And if it's hard a needle be,
then sure it was a Taylor.
Or if it chance to crosse the seas,
I thinke it was a saylor.
Sing Boyes, drinke boyes,
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What yong-men was the Father
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But she could not resolve the same,
because there was so many,
She knew not's trade nor yet his
for she was free to any. (name,
Sing Boyes, &c.)

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The second part To the same tune.



And if it have a Hammer,
then sure a Smith was he,
And if it be full of mauer,
twas one of god degree.
Or if it have a shuttle,
a Weaver sure was he then,
And if that it be wise and suttle,
twas one of the baylites yong-men.
Sing Boyes &c.

And if it have a long locke,
a Courtier sure was he,
And if it be a pretty cocke,
then that was William he,
And if it have a shone in's hand,
it was the boons Shumaker,
Or if it have a dury hand,
twas sure a donghill raker.
Sing boyes &c.

And if it have a kettle,
then sure he was a Tinker:
And if it be full of Kettle,
twas sure a god Ale-drinker:
And if that it be Gresse,
then sure it was a Butcher:
And if that it be lowrie,
then sure it was a Botcher.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if ins hand a flower be,
a Gardner was the man sure,
And if it loue to take a Foe,
I thinke twas the Pariture:
And if it be in a gowne of gray,
twas one that lynes ith Connery,
And if that it be fresh and gay,
twas one the common gentyl.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if it have a pen ins hand,
then sure it was a Scrivener,

And if isch the Tawern he loue to stand
then sure it was a Wintner:
And if it have a diuotise eye,
twas him that they call Sleper,
And if with bomes and hornes be cry
twas sure the Chimney-sweper.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if ins hand he have a Fume,
then sure it was a Baker,
And if he loue to drinke hit Fume,
twas then the god Ale-maker:
And if he loue to ride a Horse,
I thinke it was an Oster,
Or else it was the man oth Crosse,
that was a balyant Waziller.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if it have a mealy face,
twas him that grines the coake,
And if a long note be in place,
tis him that wades the horne,
And many more I here might name,
which lou'd me once most dearely:
But that indid it is a shame,
for enoughe is heben hereby.
Sing boyes &c.

Now all the hope I have is this,
my bosome must have a Father,
And I confess I did amiss,
would I had repented rather,
Yet ther's a youngman loues me wel
but I could never abide him,
I know of me hel'e have no feare,
though many will deride him,
Sing boyes &c.

R. C.

London printed for F. Cawler.